Brooks and *Hellier*,

A

POEM:

Quid te, Tucca, juvat vetulo Miſcere Falerno
In Vaticanis Condita Muſta Cadis?
Quid tantum fecere boni tibi peſſima Vina?
Aut quid fecerunt optima Vina Mali?

De nobis facile eſt: Scelus eſt Jugulare Falernum;
Et dare Campano toxica Sæva Mero.
Convivæ meruere tui fortaſſe perire,
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

Martial.

TO Balderdaſh his Old *Falernian*,
Where is the Pleaſure? What does *Tucca* mean?
Did ever Vintner get by th' worſt of Wine?
Or ever loſe by Generous and Fine?
To murther us is but a Venial Sin,
But thus to Murther old *Falernian*,
Is Damnable; or to Debauch *Champain*.
Perhaps His Gueſts His Poiſon have deſerv'd,
Such Wine ſo Precious ſhould not ſo be ſerv'd.

Great

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Great News from *Oporto.*

I Sing of Jolly *Bacchus*, and the Wine
Which *Brooks* and *Hellier* Sell, and warrant fine;
Wine truly Neat, as from the Mother-Vine.
Never Sophiſtcated once by *Stumm*,
But *Merum* only as 'twas brought from Home,
Pure on Lee, as Virgin Chaſtity,
Free from the Vintners, from the Coopers free.
Imported chiefly for their Country's Good,
To Fine and Sweeten our Corrupted Blood
By Wines Corrupted, Bad of every ſort,
Daſh'd, and Bedevil'd, thank the Vintners for't:
Daſh'd and Bedevil'd ſaid I! Brew'd in Hell,
Or what is worſe, within the Vintners Ceil;
The Taſte is *Acheron*, and *Styx* the Smell.
Theſe Hodgepodge Liquors rais'd to Fermentation,
Doctor'd good Conſtitutions, and the Nation:
Whole Miriads ſuffer'd, and we knew not how,
When *Brooks* and *Hellier* did the Cauſe avow,
And did by Dint of Wine that *Gordian* Knot undo.
Hellier and *Brooks* ſmelling this Helliſh Cheat,
Now as a Remedy import their N E A T.
The Jolly *Bacchus* overjoy'd to ſee,
Two ſuch his Sons, from ſo much Roguery free:
Mounting his Throne, and ſtradling as he ſate,
He ſqueez'd his Locks, and fill'd his Throne the Fatt.
And them Harangu'd: my Sons, if you will Sell
This, and This only, you will Both do well.
Hellier he Bow'd: A Health to Jolly *Bacchus*;
Brooks Pledg'd the Health and cry'd, the Devil take us
If e'er We Sell one ſingle Pint or Quart,
But what is This, and This not ſpoil'd by Art.
The God laugh'd out, and ſqueez'd his Bunch again,
The Wine ran down his Jolly Cheeks like Rain,
The God He laugh'd until he piſs'd again.
Raptur'd He Reel'd, Reeling He tumbl'd down,
And *Brooks* and *Hellier* carry'd off his Throne.

Printed and Sold by *J. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1712.